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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



MARVEL TEAM-UP
SPIDER-MAN®
AND THE
Fantastic Four®

SPECIAL
DOUBLE-SIZE
100th
ISSUE!



MILLER
JANSON

12



...THE REASON IS
KARMA!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS: SPIDER-MAN AND THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

AND
INTRODUCING--

KARMA! SHE POSSESSES PEOPLE!

CASE
IN
POINT:

IT IS A DAY MUCH
LIKE ANY OTHER DAY
FOR OUR WALL-
CRAWLING WEB-
SLINGER. HE'S ON
HIS WAY HOME, HIS
THOUGHTS TURNING
TO THIS EVENING'S
ACADEMIC WORK-
LOAD, WHEN, QUITE
WITHOUT WARNING...

MY..
MIND!!

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WITH THANKS TO ITAICON '79 FOR INSPIRATION.

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IMAGINE BEING
DUNKED IN SUL-
FURIC ACID. THAT
SHOULD GIVE YOU
A VAGUE IDEA OF
HOW SPIDER-MAN
FEELS.



INSTINCTIVELY,
HE RESISTS--
FIGHTING FOR
HIS MIND, HIS
LIFE, HIS SOUL--

--WITHOUT
KNOWING
WHO HAS
ATTACKED
HIM SO
VICIOUSLY,
OR WHY.

FALLING!

I'M
FALLING!



HOW
HIGH AM
I? HOW
MUCH
TIME--?

ONLY
SECONDS
BEFORE I
HIT THE
GROUND--
WHAT DO
I DO?!

WHOEVER
YOU ARE,
GET OUT
OF--

--MY
HEAD!

THE BODY
RESPONDS
AUTOMAT-
ICALLY...



...HAIR-TRIGGER
REFLEXES
AVERTING
DISASTER BY
THE NARROW-
EST OF MAR-
GINS.

WHILE, NEARBY...



WHY DOES
HE RESIST?
I NEVER
INTENDED TO
CAUSE HIM
SUCH PAIN.
PERHAPS I
SHOULD RE-
LEASE HIM,
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE?

NO! TOO
MUCH IS AT
STAKE! I
MUST HAVE
HIS MIND--

--AND I
WILL HAVE
IT!!

BUILDING
CORNICE--
I CAUGHT
IT!









ELSEWHERE...

THIS IS FREEDOM TOWER, IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT. A HALF-CENTURY AGO, THE BUILDING WAS HOME TO SOME OF THE MOST PRESTIGIOUS BROKERAGE HOUSES AND LAW FIRMS IN THE COUNTRY, IF NOT THE WORLD.

NOW, AFTER ITS CONVERSION TO A LUXURY APARTMENT CO-OP, IT HOUSES THE RICH, AND SUPER-RICH.

AMONG THEM, NGUYEN NGOC COY, A FORMER GENERAL IN THE SOUTH VIETNAMESE ARMY, HE CALLS HIMSELF A SIMPLE BUSINESSMAN THESE DAYS, ONE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE A SELF-MADE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.

TONIGHT, HE'S HOSTING ONE OF THE SWANKIEST CHARITY PARTIES OF THE SEASON, WITH A GUEST LIST THAT WOULD MAKE STUDIO 54'S PALE BY COMPARISON.

WELCOME, DR. AND MRS. RICHARDS.

I'VE HEARD SO MUCH OF THE RENOWNED FANTASTIC FOUR. IT IS AN HONOR AND PLEASURE TO MEET YOU AT LAST.

THANK YOU, GENERAL. I WAS GENEROUS OF YOU TO PURCHASE SO MANY OF ALICIA MASTERS' SCULPTURES.

IT WAS FOR CHARITY. CONSIDER IT MY WAY OF THANKING AMERICA FOR BEING SO GOOD TO ME.

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY NEPHEW, TRAN, AND THIS IS HIS BROTHER AND SISTER. THESE TWO CHILDREN RECENTLY ESCAPED FROM VIETNAM.

OH, YOU POOR DARLINGS. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

MY NAME'S SUE. DO YOU KNOW, I HAVE A SON ABOUT YOUR AGE...

REGRETTABLY, MRS. RICHARDS, THEY SPEAK NO ENGLISH.

AND IT IS ALSO LONG PAST THEIR BEDTIME.

LAWSON, DERUGE -- SEE TO THE CHILDREN.



NEARBY, WE FIND THE QUEST-OF-HONOR! BLIND SCULPTRESS ALICIA MASTERS, AND HER BEAU, BEN GRIMM-- THE THING.

HMPH! FROM THE BULGES UNDER THE JACKETS, IT LOOKS LIKE EVERY FLUNKY HERE IS CARRYIN' A GUN. THE GENERAL EXPECTIN' WORLD WAR THREE OR SOMETHIN'?

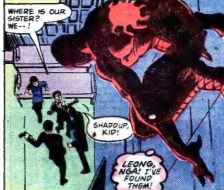


BEN, IT'S UNGRACIOUS OF ME, AFTER ALL OUR HOST HAS DONE FOR OUR CHARITY, BUT... I DON'T LIKE HIM.

THAT MAKES TWO OF US, HON. DON'T WORRY, THOUGH. WE'LL LEAVE SOON.



AT THAT MOMENT, HOWEVER, UPSTAIRS...



NOW TO FREE THEM!



IT'S SURE TO BRING MORE GUARDS. I MUST ACT QUICKLY!

CHILDREN, I... I'VE BEEN SENT BY YOUR SISTER.

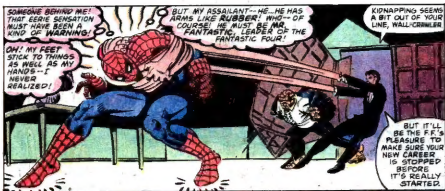


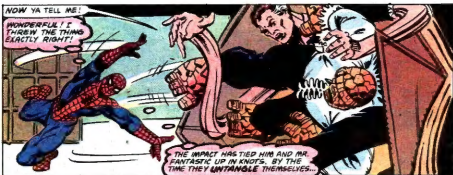
*TRANSLATED FROM THE VIETNAMESE--R.



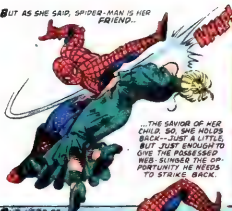
THIS STRANGE BUZZING IN MY HEAD--WHAT DOES IT MEAN?!



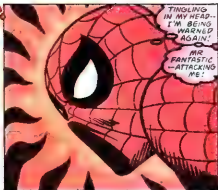




BUT AS SHE SAID, SPIDER-MAN IS HER FRIEND...

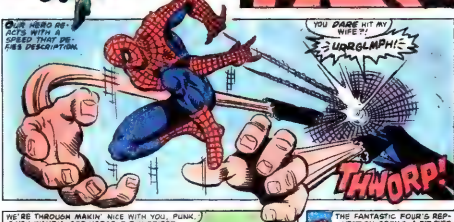


...THE SAVIOR OF HER CHILD. SO, SHE HOLDS BACK--JUST A LITTLE, BUT JUST ENOUGH TO GIVE THE POSSESSED WEB-SLINGER THE OPPORTUNITY HE NEEDS TO STRIKE BACK.



TINGLING IN MY HEAD-- I'M BEING WARNED AGAIN!
MR. FANTASTIC-- ATTACKING ME!

OUR HERO RE- ACTS WITH A SPEED THAT DE- FIES DESCRIPTION.



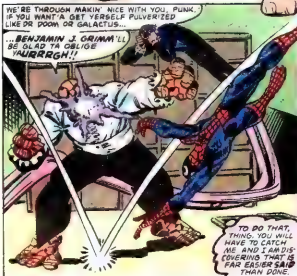
YOU DARE HIT MY WIFE?!

UURGLMPH!!

THWORP!

WE'RE THROUGH MAKIN' NICE WITH YOU, PUNK. IF YOU WANT'A GET YERSELF PULVERIZED LIKE OR DOOM OR GALACTUS...

...BENJAMIN J. GRIMM'LL BE GLAD TA OBLIGE YAUURRRGH!!



TO DO THAT, THING, YOU WILL HAVE TO CATCH ME AND I AM DIS- COVERING THAT IS FAR EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

THE FANTASTIC FOUR'S REPUTATION SEEMS A BIT OVER- BLOWN, UNCLE SPIDER-MAN IS MAKING FOOLS OF THEM.

THEY'VE HAD THEIR CHANCE, TRAN THEY'VE FAILED.



DEAL WITH THE PROBLEM.

ONCE MORE, SPIDER-MAN'S BRAIN IS RIPPED BY FIRE...



...HIS SOUL
WRENCHED IN-
SIDE OUT AS
THE YOUNG VIET-
NAMESE TRIES
TO SEIZE CONTROL
OF HIS MIND.

AARRRGH!!

AND, OUTSIDE THE PENTHOUSE...



TRAN!

AND... HE IS
SUCCEEDING!



I DIDN'T
EXPECT SUCH
RESISTANCE.

BUT I DOUBT
IT WILL LAST
MUCH LONGER

OUR POWER IS EQUAL -- BUT
TRAN IS HEALTHY, WELL-FED, IN
PEAK CONDITION. I... AM FAR
FROM THAT.



HE DOES NOT YET
REALIZE. HE IS
FIGHTING ME.

IF HE DID, IT WOULD CHANGE NO-
THING. HE IS MY BROTHER, MY
TWIN.



A STRANGER
AN... ENEMY.

I MUST... RELEASE
SPIDER-MAN. I'VE
SAVED MYSELF, BUT NOT
NSA AND LEONG. WHEN
THEY NEEDED ME MOST,
I... FAILED THEM.

HEY! OUTTA THE BLUE,
SPIDEY DROPPED.
TOO BAD...



...FER
HIM.

Ooohhaha...

'CAUSE I GUARANTEE
THE EXCEDRIN HEADACHE
HE'S GOT NOW...



... WHERE
AM I?
WHAT?

THING?!

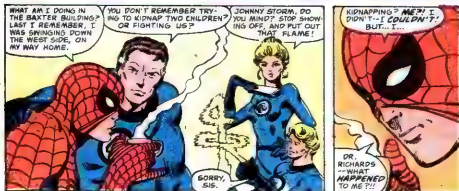


GENERAL COY IS COOPLY RELUCTANT TO SUMMON THE POLICE, AND REED HAS NO TROUBLE PERSUADING HIM TO TURN THE UNCONSCIOUS WEB-SLINGER OVER TO THE F.F.. SPIDER-MAN'S ACTIONS THIS EVENING WERE COMPLETELY OUT OF CHARACTER...



IF NOT-- IF HE WAS SOME VILLAIN'S INNOCENT PAWN THIS NIGHT-- THEN THE F.F. OWE HIM THEIR HELP.

IT'S THE LEAST THEY CAN DO, AFTER ALL THE AID HE'S GIVEN THEM IN THE PAST.



50000 IN ONE OF REED RICHARDS' LABS...

JUST RELAX, WALL-CRAWLER. THIS ENCEPHALO-SCANNER SHOULD GIVE US A FAIR PICTURE OF WHAT WENT ON IN YOUR BRAIN TONIGHT.

FIRE WHEN READY, DOC.

ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, I'VE GOT TO KNOW THE TRUTH.

HAHAHA... YOUR MEMORY TRACES ARE TOTALLY FLAT FOR ABOUT AN HOUR, AS IF YOUR BRAIN HAD LITERALLY BEEN...TURNED OFF.

"TURNED OFF?" WHERE I COME FROM, THAT'S A FANCY WAY OF SAYING THAT I WAS...DEAD.

IN A SENSE, YOU WERE.

NICE.

THE LAD'S MASKING HIS FEAR WITH SNAPPY PATTERN, AND HE HAS GOOD REASON TO BE AFRAID. WHOEVER ATTACKED HIM COULD HAVE LEFT HIM CRIPPLED, A MENTAL VEGETABLE, EVEN DEAD.

THE SCANNER'S PICKING UP A RESIDUAL ENERGY PATTERN, ONE THAT LOOKS SURPRISINGLY FAMILIAR.

Y'KNOW, SIS, EVEN AFTER ALL THIS TIME, REED'S STRETCHING ABILITIES STILL IMPRESS ME.

UH-HUH

NO WONDER PEOPLE CALL HIM "MR. FANTASTIC"!

OH... MY!

A NUMBER IS QUICKLY DIALED.

...AND THIRTY MILES NORTH OF MANHATTAN IN A VENERABLE, ELEGANT COUNTRY ESTATE THAT HOUSES CHARLES XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS.

...A TELEPHONE RINGS.

XAVIER HERE.

HELLO, REED. IT'S NICE TO HEAR FROM YOU.

THERE'S FAR MORE TO THIS MANSION--AND ITS STUDENTS--THAN MEETS THE EYE, FOR IT IS THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF A TEAM OF MUTANT SUPER HEROES: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!

AT THE MOMENT, THREE
MEMBERS OF THE TEAM--
STORM, COLOSSUS
AND WOLVERINE--

AS A MATTER OF
FACT, REED, MY
CERBERO COM-
PUTER SYSTEM...

--ARE UNDERGOING
A COMBAT WORKOUT
IN THE MANSION'S
DANGER ROOM.

...DID REGISTER AN UNUSUAL AMOUNT
OF MUTANT ACTIVITY EARLIER THIS
EVENING, CENTERED IN LOWER MAN-
HATTAN. THE DATA INDICATED TWO
DISTINCT ENTITIES, PROBABLY POS-
SESSING SIMILAR ABILITIES.

BETTER, STORM.
USE YOUR
WEATHER POWERS
TO DEFLECT
THOSE MISSILES
AS WELL AS
EVADE THEM.

SORRY, REED. I WAS DISTRACTED
ABOUT THOSE CONTACTS--I'D BEEN
PLANNING TO INVESTIGATE THEM MY-
SELF. WOULD YOU LIKE ANY ASSIS-
TANCE? NO? I QUITE UNDERSTAND.

COLOSSUS,
REMEMBER--BRUTE
STRENGTH IS NOT
ALWAYS THE ANSWER.
WHAT MATTERS
IS HOW YOU
UTILIZE
THAT
STRENGTH!

SORRY! AT ANY RATE, WHOEVER
THESE MUTANTS ARE, THEIR POWER
IS UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE PREVIOUS-
LY ENCOUNTERED. AND IT IS CON-
SIDERABLE. PLEASE KEEP ME
POSTED.

WOLVER-
INE! THAT EQUIP-
MENT IS EXPENSIVE
--AND DIFFICULT
TO REPLACE!
DON'T YOU
DARE USE
YOUR ADA-
MANTUM
CLAWS ON
IT!

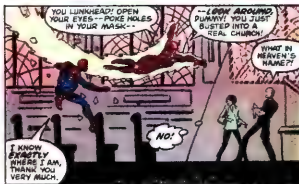
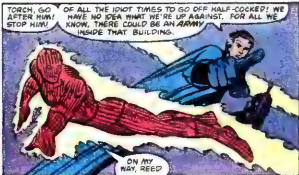
LATER, ON MANHATTAN'S
LOWER EAST SIDE...

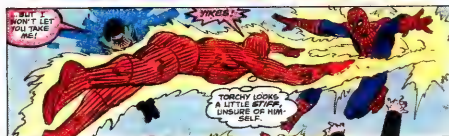
I MODIFIED ONE OF OUR
BACK SENSOR MODULES
INTO A ROUGH FACSIMILE
OF XAVIER'S MUTANT-
DETECTING COMPUTER,
CERBERO.

AND, USING THE
TELEMETRY HE GAVE
US, I THINK WE'VE
MANAGED TO TRACK
DOWN THE PERSON
WHO AMBUSHED
SPIDER-MAN.

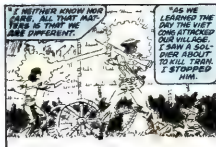
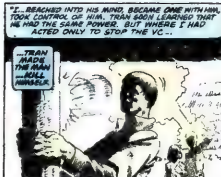
IN THAT...
CHANCE?

SOUNDS
GOOD
TO ME!









"SOME TIME LATER, I SAW TRAN DEMONSTRATE HIS ABILITY TO UNCLE NGUYEN. FATHER DID NOT LIKE UNCLE, AND SPOKE OF HIM WITH CONTUMPT."



"I SHARED THAT FEELING, WITHOUT KNOWING WHY, FOR UNCLE HAD ALWAYS BEEN KIND TO ME."

"FASCINATING, TRAN, AND YOU SAY D'AN HAS SIMILAR TALENTS?"

"IDENTICAL, UNCLE. BUT SHE FEARS TO USE THEM."



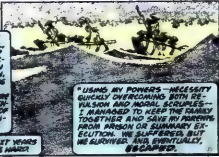
"PITY, I'M PLEASSED THAT YOU CONFIDED IN ME, NEPHEW. I WILL NOT FORGET IT, OR YOU."

"UNCLE WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD."



"WHEN SOUTH VIETNAM FELL, HE ARRANGED FOR OUR EVACUATION. BUT, IN THE CONFUSION, ONLY TRAN WAS RESCUED. THE REST OF US WERE LEFT TO THE 'KIND' MERCIES OF THE NEW COMMUNIST REGIME."

"THE NEXT YEARS WERE HARD."



"USING MY POWERS--NECESSITY QUICKLY OVERCOMING BOTH REVULSION AND MORAL SCRUPLES--I MANAGED TO KEEP THE FAMILY TOGETHER AND SAVE MY PARENTS FROM PRISON OR SUMMARY EXECUTION. WE SUFFERED, BUT WE SURVIVED. AND, EVENTUALLY, ESCAPED."

"THE SEA WAS ROUGH, THE BOAT SMALL, OVERCROWDED, BARELY SEAWORTHY."



"I WAS SICK, HUNGRY--TOO WEAK TO USE MY POWERS AGAINST THE THAI PIRATES WHEN THEY ATTACKED US."



"AS IF IN A DREAM, I SAW MY FATHER--AND ALL THE MEN ABOARD--SLAIN."

"THE FATE OF THE WOMEN WAS WORSE THAN DEATH."

"FOR SOME, THIS NEW AGONY WAS TOO MUCH TO BEAR. MOTHER...DIED THE DAY WE WERE RESCUED. I TRIED TO WEEP, BUT I HAD NO TEARS. TRIED TO GRIEVE FOR HER, FOR PAPA--FOR MYSELF--BUT IT WAS AS IF I, TOO, HAD DIED."



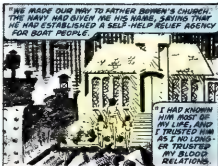
"FROM THERE, WE WERE SENT TO AMERICA, TO BE REUNITED WITH UNCLE NGUYEN AND TRAN. SINCE FLEEING VIETNAM, UNCLE HAD PROSPERED. TRAN HAD...CHANGED. HE WAS COLD, CALCULATING, LACKING ANY TRACE OF HUMANITY OR COMPASSION."





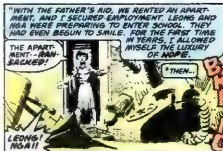
"UNCLE BEN SUGGESTED THAT I USE MY POWER IN HIS SERVICE, AS TRAM DID. HE SAID IT COULD MAKE ME WEALTHY BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS."

"I REFUSED. UNCLE WAS NOT PLEASED. WE ARGUED. THE CHILDREN AND I LEFT."



"WE MADE OUR WAY TO FATHER BOWEN'S CHURCH. THE NAVY HAD GIVEN ME HIS NAME, SAYING THAT HE HAD ESTABLISHED A SELF-HELP RELIEF AGENCY FOR BOAT PEOPLE."

"I HAD KNOWN HIM MOST OF MY LIFE, AND I TRUSTED HIM AS I NO LONGER TRUSTED MY BLOOD RELATIONS."



"WITH THE FATHER'S AID, WE RENTED AN APARTMENT, AND I SECURED EMPLOYMENT. LEONG AND NGA WERE PREPARING TO ENTER SCHOOL. THEY HAD EVEN BEGUN TO SMILE. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, I ALLOWED MYSELF THE LUXURY OF HOPE."

THE APARTMENT--
RAN-
SACKED!

* THEN...

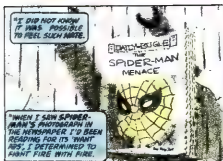
LEONG!
NGA!!



* IT WAS
UNCLE.

"WE HAD THE CHILDREN. IF I WANTED TO SEE THEM AGAIN, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS GO TO WORK FOR HIM."

"I HAD UNTIL MIDNIGHT TO DECIDE."



"I DID NOT KNOW IT WAS POSSIBLE TO FEEL SUCH HATE."

SPIDER-MAN
THE
SPIDER-MAN
MENACE

"WHEN I SAW SPIDER-MAN'S PHOTOGRAPH IN THE NEWSPAPER I'D BEEN READING FOR ITS 'WANT ADS', I DETERMINED TO FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE."



"I WOULD USE A CRIMINAL TO DEFEAT A CRIMINAL."

"I FOUND YOU, SPIDER-MAN, AND I 'ASSESSED' YOU, AND, THROUGH YOU, I ATTEMPTED TO RESCUE MY FAMILY. YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED NEXT."



OH, YOU
POOR
DARLING

REED, WE CAN'T LET
GENERAL COY GET A-
WAY WITH THIS!

THAT'S FOR CERTAIN,
MRS. RICHARDS.

"I'VE SEEN AND HEARD SOME SLEAZEBALL THINGS IN MY TIME, BUT THIS TOPS 'EM ALL. WE'LL SAVE THOSE KIDS, SHAN. YOU HAVE MY WORD."

AND
HEAVEN HELP
WHOEVER TRIES
TO STOP US!

MIDNIGHT, PIER 32 B, ON THE BROOKLYN SIDE OF THE EAST RIVER...

BRENTANO, THE CHILDREN ARE TO BE WELL-TREATED. I WANT THEM OBSERVED AND TESTED FOR ANY SORT OF PARA-NORMAL PSYCHIC ABILITY.

IF THEY LACK SUCH TALENTS, THEN MY ORGANIZATION WILL PUT THEM TO OTHER, PROFITABLE USES.

WHERE IS XI'AM, TRAN? YOU PROMISED WE COULD SEE HER.

ALL IN GOOD TIME, LEONG.

NOW, HURRY ABOARD THE SHIP--AND DON'T WORRY. YOU'RE IN NO DANGER. YOU'LL BE WELL LOOKED AFTER. I PROMISE.

MAN!

Y'KNOW, TRAN, WHEN PAVOCCHIO TOLD LIES, HIS NOSE GOT BIGGER AND BIGGER.

AFTER LISTENING TO THE LINE OF GUESS YOU'VE BEEN HANDLING THESE KIDS...

YIIII--!

...I'M SURPRISED YOUR NOSE ISN'T THE SIZE OF A REDWOOD!

UPSY-DAISY!

THE KIDS!

CRIPES! IT'S SPIDER-MAN!

SURPRISE

BOP!

GUN 'IM DOWN!

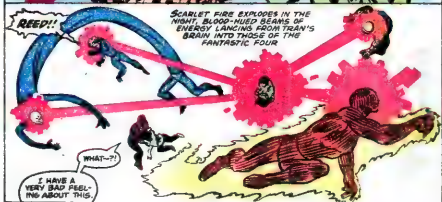
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KID-DING!

I MEAN, YOU TURKEYS COULDN'T TAKE ME IF I WAS ALONE.

AND, IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING, THE WALL-CRAWLER ISN'T ALONE.

THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

I'M AFRAID SO, TRAN. THE CEREBRO-SCANNER THAT LED US TO YOUR SISTER ALSO LED US TO YOU.



THEY'VE BEEN CALLED THE FINEST QUARTET OF HEROES EVER TO WALK THE EARTH. THEIR NAME--THEIR DEEDS--ARE LEGEND. YET, FOR ALL OF THAT, THEY ARE STILL ONLY HUMAN.

AND, CAUGHT OFF-GUARD BY TRAN'S RUTHLESS PSYCHIC BLITZKRIEG, THEY ARE OVERWHELMED BEFORE THEY EVEN KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!



MY SISTER CANNOT HELP YOU, ARACHNID.

UH-OH.

I COULD HAVE POSSESSED YOU, TOO.

THEY'RE... ALL SPEAKING WITH TRAN'S VOICE!

BUT IT WAS YOUR INITIAL INTERFERENCE WHICH BROUGHT ABOUT THIS NEAR-DEBACLE.

ME AND MY BIG MOUTH. I WANTED A FIGHT.

I THINK I GOT ONE.

IT'S ONLY FITTING THAT YOUR DEATH...

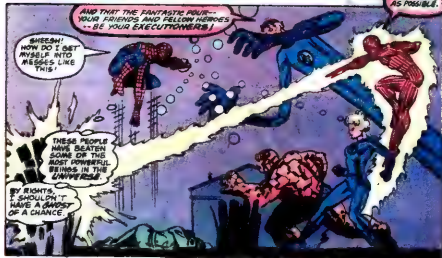
...BE AS AGONYING AS POSSIBLE.

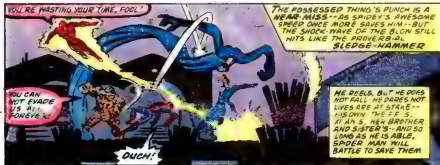
AND THAT THE FANTASTIC FOUR--YOUR FRIENDS AND FELLOW HEROES--BE YOUR EXECUTIOMERS!

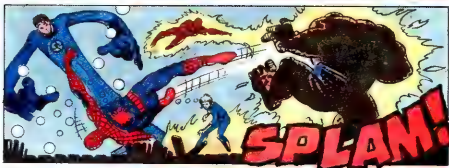
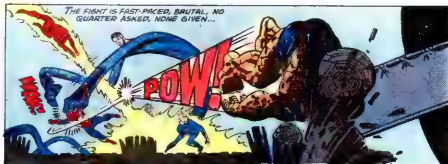
SHEESH! HOW DO I GET MYSELF INTO MESSSES LIKE THIS!

THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEATEN SOME OF THE MOST POWERFUL BEINGS IN THE UNIVERSE.

BY RIGHTS, I SHOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE OF A CHANCE.







AND THROUGH IT ALL, TRAN WATCHES--HIS FACE TAUT WITH CONCENTRATION--CONFIDENT OF VICTORY. HE CAN AFFORD TO BE PATIENT, FOR HE KNOWS TIME IS ON HIS SIDE, NOT SPIDEY'S.

TRAN, I, UH, I WILL RETURN TO MY RESIDENCE.



DO THAT, UNCLE.

I WILL BE ALONG PRESENTLY. THEN WE WILL TALK ABOUT THE FUTURE--AND MY ROLE IN IT.

THIS ISN'T WORKING OUT...

...QUITE THE WAY I HOPED



(LEONG, HOLD ME! I'M FRIGHTENED!)

POOR KID, SHE SOUNDS TERRIFIED



CAN'T SAY I BLAME HER, EITHER

NECK, I'M TERRIFIED



I'M GOING ALL OUT, YET I'M BARELY HOLDING MY OWN

AND HERE COMES THE BEST OF THE CREW TO FINISH ME OFF!



FORCE BUBBLES--MRS. RICHARDS!



THAT FINE BOLT!

TORCH--NO! THE KIDS ARE STILL ABOARD SHIP!

HOW TYPICALLY NOBLE, SPIDER-MAN--THINKING ALWAYS OF OTHERS BEFORE YOURSELF.

YOU NEED NOT FEAR. THEY WILL COME TO NO HARM.

THANK HEAVEN. THE INVISIBLE GIRL IS USING HER FORCE FIELD TO PROTECT HER, REED, AND THE KIDS.

BRAVE TALK, TRAN, CONSIDERING THE FATE YOUR UNCLE HAD IN STORE FOR 'EM IF THEY DIDN'T TURN OUT TO BE SUPER-POWERED MUTANTS LIKE YOU AND SHAN. NOW COME THE CHANCE OF HEART?

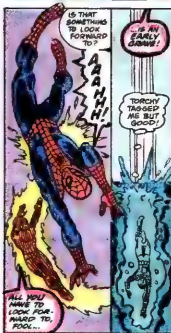


THESE WERE MY
UNCLE'S PLANS—
NOT MINE.

LONG BEFORE NOW
OR LONG WOULD
HAVE BEEN IN ANY
DANGER...

UUNNNNNHHH...

I HAD PLANNED
TO SEIZE CONTROL
OF HIS CRIMINAL
ORGANIZATION
FROM HIM.



IS THAT
SOMETHING
TO LOOK
FORWARD
TO?

AAHHH!

...IS AN
EARLY
GRAB!

TORCHY
TAGGED
ME BUT
GOOD!

ALL YOU
HAVE TO
LOOK FOR-
WARD TO,
FOOL...

AND ALL THIS
SALT WATER
ISN'T MAKING
ME FEEL ANY
BETTER.

CONSIDERING
I'M IN THE EAST
RIVER, I'LL
PROBABLY SUR-
VIVE THIS
FIGHT...



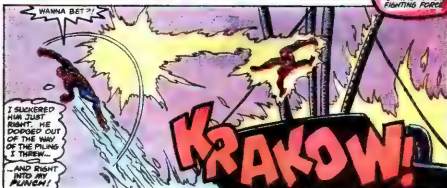
MISSED!

I AM NOT MY
SISTER. I AM
FAMILIAR
WITH THE
FANTASTIC
FOUR AND
THEIR POWERS.

...ONLY TO DROP
DEAD OF SOME
SLIMY, ESOTERIC
DISEASE.

I CAN TAP THEIR
MEMORIES, DRAW
ON THEIR EXPERI-
ENCE AND TAC-
TICS.

MY MUTANT
MIND CAN MAKE
THESE FOUR BO-
DIES ACT AS ONE
THUS GIVING ME
THE ULTIMATE,
HIGH-UNBEATABLE
FIGHTING FORCE.

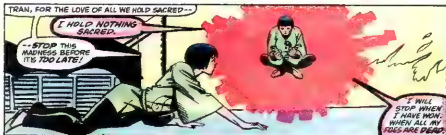


WANNA BET?

I SICKERED
HIM JUST
RIGHT. HE
DODGED OUT
OF THE WAY
OF THE PILING
I THREW...

...AND RIGHT
INTO MY
PUNCH!

KRAKOW!



TRAN, FOR THE LOVE OF ALL WE HOLD SACRED--

I HOLD NOTHING SACRED.

--STOP THIS MADNESS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

I WILL STOP WHEN I HAVE WON. WHEN ALL MY FOES ARE DEAD.



WHOUFFF!

THAT FREIGHTER MUST HAVE BEEN LOADED WITH MUNITIONS. I HOPE TORCHY'S OKAY.

THIS MAY NOT SOUND VERY HEROIC, BUT WHERE ARE NEW YORK'S ROSES WHEN YOU REALLY NEED 'EM?

'CAUSE I REALLY NEED 'EM! SOMEONE MUST HAVE SEEN THIS FIGHT--OR AT LEAST THIS EXPLOSION. WHY HAVEN'T THEY CALLED THE COPS? OR THE AVENGERS? I'M NOT PICKY.

KROM!



IT'S JUST I HAVE THIS CRAZY DESIRE TO STAY ALIVE.

SO MUCH FOR THAT IDEA. MY SPIDER-SENSE IS TINGLING!

THOSE HANDS--!



THOUGHT YOU'D SEEN THE LAST OF ME, EH, CRETN?

I HAD HOPES.



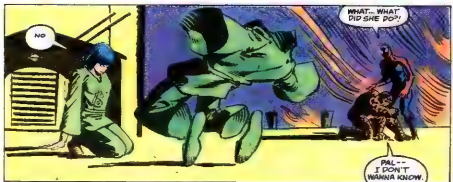
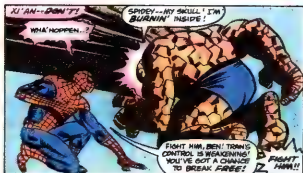
NO MORE!

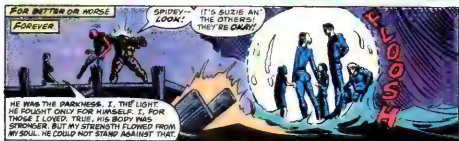
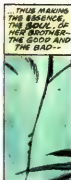
IN ANOTHER MOMENT, YOU WILL BE SQUASHED LIKE THE BUG YOU ARE!

HEAD...HURTS--BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I TOOK THAT HARD A SHOT.

COME ON, PARKER--GET IT TOGETHER! LET'S SEE...SOME LIGHTNING BOLTS...TO GO WITH YOUR PATENTED...SNAPPY RATTER...

HE NEEDS ONLY A COUPLE OF SECONDS TO REGAIN HIS BEARINGS--BUT THAT IS TIME HE KNOWS HE DOES NOT HAVE.





STAN LEE PRESENTS: STORM AND THE BLACK PANTHER

CHRIS CLAREMONT, JOHN BYRNE & BOB McLEOD / A. KAMECKI / ROBBIE C. / DENNY O'NEIL / JIM SHOOTER
WRITER * CO-PLOTTERS * ARTISTS / LETTERER / COLORIST / EDITOR / EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

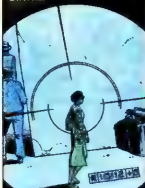
SHE WAS BORN ORORO MONROE, DAUGHTER OF AN AMERICAN PHOTOJOURNALIST AND AN AFRICAN PRINCESS. ORPHANED AT AGE SIX, SHE SPENT THE REST OF HER CHILDHOOD AS A CAIRO STREET URCHIN BEFORE FATE DREW HER SOUTH TO HER ANCESTRAL HOMELAND...

THAT WAS LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY. NOW, SHE HAS RETURNED TO THE UNITED STATES, THE LAND OF HER BIRTH...

SHE'S LIVED AN EXCITING LIFE-- EVEN BEFORE SHE JOINED THE X-MEN-- AND MADE MORE THAN HER SHARE OF ENEMIES



...AND TRANSFORMED HER INTO BOTH GODDESS AND LEGEND.



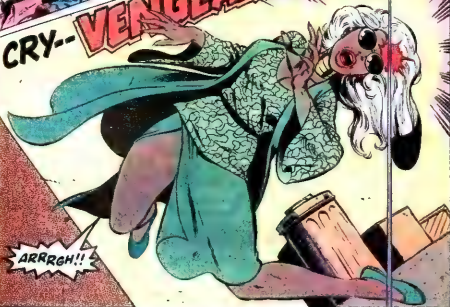
AS A MEMBER OF A TEAM OF MUTANT SUPER-HEROES, THE UNCANNY X-MEN!



SO IT'S NOT ALL THAT SURPRISING...

...WHEN ONE OF THEM TRIES TO KILL HER!

CRY--VENGEANCE!



ARRRGH!!

PERFECT!

I WAITED UNTIL THE KAFFIR WOMAN TURNED DOWN A DESERTED ALLEY, AND MY SILENCER WORKED LIKE A CHARM. NO ONE HEARD OR SAW A THING. BY THE TIME ANYONE FINDS HER BODY...

...I'LL BE WELL ON MY WAY HOME TO JO'BURG.

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, ASSASSIN! OR FACE THE WRATH OF--
STORM!!

WHA--?!
LIGHTNING BOLTS!
CRACKLING ALL AROUND ME!

BUT...A MOMENT AGO, THE SKY WAS CLEAR! THIS IS INSANE--**IM-POSSIBLE!**

FAR FROM IT, FOR ONE WHO CONTROLS THE WEATHER,

LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPON, AND YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED.

YOU!

I'LL NEVER YIELD...NOT TO THE LIKES OF YOU!

YOU TRY MY PATIENCE, LITTLE MAN

HIS ACCENT MARKS HIM AS AN AFRIKANER, FROM SOUTH AFRICA. WHY IS HE TRYING TO KILL ME?!

HE CAME PAINFULLY CLOSE TO SUCCEEDING, TOO. HIS ATTEMPT LEFT ME WITH A SPLITTING HEADACHE, BUT THAT'S BETTER THAN BEING DEAD, I THINK.

SHUFFLE!

I WANT ANSWERS...

YOU'LL GET NOTHING FROM ME, KAFFIR!

SHE CONCENTRATES--THE RAW, PRIMAL POWER OF NATURE COURSE THROUGH HER BODY. MASSIVE BOLTS OF LIGHTNING FLARING FROM HER FINGER-TIPS--AND HER WOULD-BE ASSASSIN ABRUPTLY FINDS HIMSELF IN THE CENTER OF A FULL-FLEDGED THUNDERSTORM.

THE TEMPEST LASTS ONLY A MINUTE, BUT TO THE MAN TRAPPED IN ITS HEART--SHRIEKING LIKE A MADMAN IN ATAVISTIC TERROR--IT SEEMS TO GO ON FOREVER

STORM BRIDLES AT THE INSULT, AND DECIDES THAT ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.

AND WHEN IT'S OVER...

THAT IS A SAMPLE OF WHAT I CAN DO. THINGS CAN GET MUCH, MUCH WORSE--AND WILL, UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.

WHO SENT YOU?

U-NO MORE, PLEASE. I BEG YOU I'LL TALK. I'LL TALK.

I WAS HIRED BY... ANDREAS DE RUYTER.

AT THE NAME, STORM'S BREATH HISSED BETWEEN CLENCHED TEETH, AND HER FACE TURNS GRIM AS MEMORIES SURGE, UNHIDDEN, ACROSS HER MIND'S EYE...

IT WAS SUMMER AND SHE'D BEEN ON THE ROAD FOR ALMOST A YEAR. A TWELVE YEAR OLD GIRL, ALONE, MAKING HER WAY SOUTH FROM CAIRO--ACROSS EGYPT, THE SUDAN AND NOW ETHIOPIA, SOME OF THE HARSHTEST, MOST DESOLATE TERRAIN ON EARTH--

--DRAWN BY VISIONS AND A SOLE-DEEP NEED SHE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND, BUT COULDN'T DENY.

SHE WAS NEARING LAKE RUDOLPH, IN KENYA, THE DAY SHE MET ANDREAS DE RUYTER, OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN BUREAU OF STATE SECURITY. HIM, AND ONE OTHER...

WHAT'S THAT--?

A BLOW-SHOT! AND THE SOUND OF MEN FIGHTING!

COMMON SENSE DICTATED THAT SHE HEAD THE OTHER WAY, FAST! BUT, NOT SURPRISINGLY, A TEEN-AGE'S NATURAL CURIOSITY GOT THE BETTER OF HER

A YOUNG BLACK MAN--HE CAN'T BE THAT MUCH OLDER THAN ME--BEING ATTACKED BY A GANG OF WHITES!

ARE THEY POLICE? OR SLAVERS?

I DON'T KNOW--AND I DON'T CARE! THAT BOY NEEDS HELP--

--AND I'M GOING TO GIVE IT TO HIM!

CALLING ON TALENTS SHE'D ONLY RECENTLY LEARNED, SHE POSSESSED, ORORO SUMMONS A WIND TO CATCHER HER UP.

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE YOUNG AFRICAN--ALIVE!

SHE STRIKES LIKE AN EAGLE, FLATTENING EVERYONE BUT THE BLACK WARRIOR WITH HURRICANE-FORCE BLASTS OF AIR. BEFORE THE MEN ARE EVEN AWARE THEY'RE UNDER ATTACK...

MOST OF THEM ARE UNCONSCIOUS, AND THE REST TOO DAZED TO GIVE ORDO ANY REAL TROUBLE.

WHAT--???

DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES-- TO BOTH QUESTIONS BUT... WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU DO THIS, HOW DO YOU FLY--??

I AM ORDO...

WARRIOR--
BEHIND YOU!
THAT TRUCK--!

GIRL, YOUR INTERFERENCE WILL COST YOU DEAR!

YOUR WIND POWERS ARE AS IMPRESSIVE AS THEY ARE STRANGE, BUT IT WILL TAKE FAR MORE THAN A MERE WIND, NO MATTER HOW STRONG, TO STOP DE RUYTER THE BULL!

MY MASTERS WISH TO SEE PRINCE T'CHALLA SAFE AND SOUND IN PRETORIA, AS THE PERMANENT "GUEST" OF THE REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA...

...AND I INTEND TO SEE THAT THEIR WISH IS GRANTED!

ZUNNNNNH!

KRAK!

IN A WORD, BUTCHER--

--NEVER!

IMPRESSIVE FEW... MEN
HAVE EVER HIT ME AS
HARD BUT THIS DART
GUN WILL INSURE THAT
YOU WON'T GET THE
CHANCE TO STRIKE
ME AGAIN

YOUR NATION, WAKANDA,
IS A MINERALOGICAL
TREASURE TROVE, ONE MY
COUNTRY MEANS TO CON-
TROL WITH PROPER CON-
DITIONING, YOU WILL MAKE
US THE PERFECT PUPPET
RULER...

BUT DE RUYTER HAD
MADE A FATAL MISTAKE.
HE'D ASSUMED THAT
THE ABILITY TO CREATE
A WIND WAS ORORO'S
ONLY POWER.



IT WASN'T.

MY--
GUN!!



BEFORE THE
SOUTH AFRICAN
OR HIS FELLOW
AGENTS COULD
RECOVER, ORORO
AND T'CHALLA
WERE LONG GONE!

THEY TRAVELLED TOGETHER FOR A TIME--THE HAPPIEST TIME OF
HER TRIP, ORORO REMEMBERS FONDLY--BUT IN THE END, THEY
PARTED. T'CHALLA'S DUTY TOOK HIM BACK TO WAKAN-
DA, WHILE ORORO FOLLOWED HER DREAMS TO THE
SLOPES OF MOUNT KILIMANJARO, WHERE SHE MADE
HER HOME.



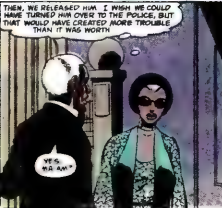
YEARS PASSED. SHE BECAME A GODDESS, HIS THE RULER OF HIS NATION. NOW, IRONICALLY, BOTH HAD BECOME
SUPER-HEROES.

PROFESSOR
XAVIER USED
HIS TELE-
PATHIC
POWERS.



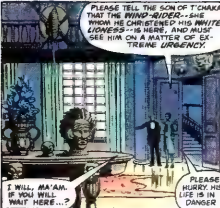
...TO ERASE ANY
MEMORY MY ASSAILANT
HAD OF MY ACTIONS--
OR EXISTENCE--AS
AN X-MAN.

THEN, WE RELEASED HIM. I WISH WE COULD
HAVE TURNED HIM OVER TO THE POLICE, BUT
THAT WOULD HAVE CREATED MORE TROUBLE
THAN IT WAS WORTH.



YES,
MR. AM.

PLEASE TELL THE SON OF T'CHAKA
THAT THE WIND-RIDER--SHE
WHOM HE CHRISTENED HIS WHITE
LIONESSE--IS HERE, AND MUST
SEE HIM ON A MATTER OF EX-
TREMELY URGENCY.



I WILL, MA'AM.
IF YOU WILL
WAIT HERE...?

PLEASE
HURRY. HIS
LIFE IS IN
DANGER

A NOT UNCOMMON OCCURRENCE--
FOR THE **BLACK PANTHER**.
THANK YOU, HUDSON. THAT
WILL BE ALL.

BY THE SACRED
STONE, I THOUGHT
I RECOGNIZED THAT
VOICE. IT IS YOU!

AAAA!

T'CHALLA!

IT IS... GOOD TO SEE
YOU. IT'S BEEN SO
LONG. YOU LOOK
BEAUTIFUL.

AS DO YOU. MY GAWKY,
SCRAWNY, FLUTE-
PLAYING WARRIOR HAS
BECOME A TRUE
PRINCE.

I WISH
NOW THAT
THIS WAS A
SOCIAL
CALL.

T'CHALLA, EARLIER THIS
EVENING I WAS ALMOST
KILLED BY AN ASSASSIN
IN THE EMPLOY OF
ANDREAS DE RUYTER.

YOU
REMEMBER
HIM?

I... REMEMBER.

THE MAN SAID HE WAS PART OF
A TEAM HIRED SPECIFICALLY
TO KILL YOU AND ME. EVIDENTLY,
HE STILL BEARS US A CONSID-
ERABLE GRUDGE.

I WONDER WHY HE
TOOK SO LONG TO
ACT ON IT?

WHEN WE FIND
HIM, LET'S MAKE
SURE TO ASK.

HMMMM-- ACCORDING TO THIS
COMPU-FILE BIOGRAPHY, HE WAS
A CHANGED MAN AFTER HE
FOUGHT US. SLOWLY, BUT INEXOR-
ABLY, HIS CAREER FELL APART,
UNTIL HE WAS FORCIBLY RETIRED
A FEW YEARS AGO.

AFTER THAT, HE
DROPPED OUT
OF SIGHT.

THEN, THE BLACK
PANTHER DRAWS
INFORMATION
FROM A VARIETY
OF SOURCES--

--THE AVENGERS, THE FBI,
THE CIA, INTERPOL, AND
OTHERS-- IN A METHODOICAL
SEARCH FOR A MAN HE
HAS NOT SEEN SINCE HIS
TEENS, A SEARCH THAT
LEADS THEM EVENTUALLY
TO A SECLUDED MANSION
ON LONG ISLAND'S EXCLU-
SIVE NORTH SHORE.

ALL LOOKS PEACEFUL AS THEY MAKE
THEIR APPROACH, BUT BOTH HAVE
LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE HOW
DECEIVING APPEARANCES CAN BE--



...AND THEY ACT ACCORDINGLY.

THE PANTHER MOVES AS SILENTLY AS DEATH ITSELF, AND WHEN HE STRIKES...



...IT IS WITH THE IRRESISTIBLE POWER OF HIS FOUR-FOOTED NAME-SAKE.

THE FEW GUARDS THEY FIND WITHIN THE HOUSE...



...ARE QUICKLY DISPATCHED, TO AWAKE IN A FEW HOURS WITH SORE HEADS.

PANTHER, THIS MAKES NO SENSE. ALL WE'VE ENCOUNTERED SO FAR ARE SOME ARMED SENTRY'S AND RUDIMENTARY ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT.



I'D HAVE EXPECTED DE RUYTER TO PROTECT HIMSELF WITH AN ARMY.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT HOUSE?!

AS SURE OF THAT...

...AS I'M SURE THAT THERE'S MORE TO THIS PLACE THAN MEETS THE EYE.



A TRAP?

I HAVE THAT FEELING.

BUT WE'VE SEARCHED THE ENTIRE HOUSE, AND FOUND NOTHING.

EXCEPT THIS LOCKED DOOR.



LET ME SEE.

WELL! CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER. THERE'S A TRIGGER PLATE ATTACHED TO THE LOCK. HAD YOU FOLLOWED YOUR INSTINCTS AND KICKED THE DOOR OPEN...

...IT WOULD HAVE BLOWN UP IN YOUR FACE.

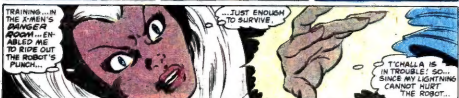
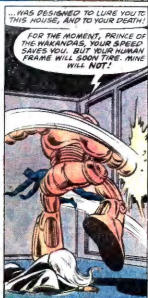


IN HER DAY, ORORO WAS THE BEST THIEF IN CAIRO--NO MEAN FEAT--AND BEFORE HER AGED MENTOR, ACHMED EL-GHAR, WAS DONE TEACHING HER, THERE WASN'T A LOCK MADE SHE COULDN'T OPEN.

THERE.

I'M GLAD TO SEE I HAVEN'T LOST MY TOUCH.

YOU'LL SOON WISH YOU HAD, SKY-RIDER--



...I THINK MY BEST ALTERNATIVE IS TO STRIKE AT THE FLOOR *BENEATH* THE ROBOT.

IT WORKED! AT THE VERY LEAST, THAT SHOULD TEMPORARILY IMMOBILIZE HIM.

I--I'M FALLING!
NO! THINGS CAN'T END THIS WAY! I WON'T LET THEM!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, STORM?

I'VE FELT BETTER-- BUT I'VE BEEN HURT WORSE.

IT SOUNDS LIKE THE ROBOT PLUNGED ALL THE WAY TO THE BASEMENT.



WE'D BEST FIND DE RUYTER WHILE WE HAVE THE CHANCE. I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I FEAR THAT THING IS MORE THAN WE TWO ALONE CAN HANDLE.

ODD. I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING. THE ROBOT'S VOICE STOPPED SUDDENLY AFTER IT STRUCK BOTTOM, AND NOW THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANY MOVEMENT.

THIS DOOR APPEARS TO BE THE ONLY OTHER EXIT. AND FROM THE OTHER SIDE-- EVEN THROUGH ITS *SOUND-PROOFING*--



--I CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF COMPUTERS AND SOPHISTICATED ELECTRONICS APPARATUS.

I DOUBT DE RUYTER WOULD BOOBY-TRAP THIS ENTRANCE-- TOO MUCH RISK OF A BOMB DAMAGING HIS EQUIPMENT-- SO I THINK I'LL TRY A LESS-SUBTLE METHOD THAN YOUR LOCKPICKS TO OPEN IT.

...T'CHALLA THE BOY.



ALL RIGHT, DE RUYTER, YOU WANTED US-- *WE'RE HERE!*

I TRUST YOU'LL BE BETTER AT FIGHTING US, T'CHALLA THE MAN, THAN YOU WERE AGAINST...



GODDESS!
DE RUYTER-- HE...

...WON'T BE FIGHTING ANYONE, STORM, EVER AGAIN.



HE MUST HAVE HAD A PSYCHIC LINK WITH THE ROBOT, MAKING IT AN EXTENSION OF HIMSELF, BUT THAT LINK WAS A TWO-WAY STREET. WHILE THE ROBOT COULD EASILY COPE WITH OUR ATTACKS...

...THE HUMAN ORGANISM THAT CONTROLLED AND MOTIVATED IT COULD NOT.

HE'S ONLY BEEN DEAD A MINUTE OR SO. THE SHOCK OF THE ROBOT'S FALL--THE MENTAL STRAIN, THE FEAR OF BEING DEFEATED BY US AGAIN--MUST HAVE BEEN MORE THAN HE COULD STAND.

THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE BULL'S BACK.

DE RUYTER PRIDED HIMSELF ON HIS PHYSICAL STRENGTH, BUT LOOK AT HIM, T'CHALLA--A TWISTED, WASTED, SHADOW OF A MAN, CONSUMED BY DISEASE.

AND HATRED, ORGORE. I SUPPOSE THIS ACT OF VENGEANCE--THE LAST THING HE COULD EVER HOPE TO DO--

--WAS MEANT TO MAKE UP FOR THE LIFE HE BELIEVED WE HAD RUINED.

AS A YOUNG MAN, I HATED HIM--AND ALL HE STOOD FOR--AS MUCH AS HE DID ME. I LONGED FOR THE DAY WHEN WE WOULD MEET AGAIN, SO I COULD BEAT HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL. NOW I WONDER WHY I BOTHERED.

HE IS NOT WORTH HATE, T'CHALLA. NOT EVEN WORTH PITY.

I WOULD RATHER PITY HIS VICTIMS.

LATER, AFTER THE PANTHER HAS SUMMONED THE AUTHORITIES...

THERE IS SO MUCH ONE CAN DO WITH A LIFE, YET DE RUYTER CHOSE TO DEVOTE HIS TO THE DESTRUCTION OF TWO PEOPLE HE MET ONLY ONCE.

WHAT A FOOL. WHAT A SHAME. WHAT A WASTE.

I USED MY AVENGER'S PRIORITY WITH THE POLICE. YOU WON'T BE INVOLVED IN ANY WAY.

IT WAS GOOD SEEING YOU AGAIN, IT'S STRANGE, BUT... SUDDENLY I FIND MYSELF THINKING...

...OF WHAT WAS, I, TOO. AND MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

...A MOMENT WHICH--ONCE DENIED--CAN NEVER TRULY BE RECAPTURED. BOTH KNOW THIS. PERHAPS THAT IS WHAT MAKES THEIR PARTING ALL THE MORE PAINFUL.

YET... PART THEY DO.

THAT HAD BEEN A SPECIAL, UNIQUE MOMENT IN BOTH THEIR LIVES...

AS FRIENDS. THEY MAY WISH FOR MORE, BUT THAT IS WHAT THEY ARE, WHAT THEY WILL REMAIN. FOREVER.